

HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY,

(LAND DEPARTMENT).

WINNIPEG.

REPORT

BY

C. P. BRYDGES.

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HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY,

LAND DEPARTMENT.

WINNIPEG. 28th September, 1882.

DEAR SIR,

I returned to Winnipeg on the 25th instant, having left the city on the 16th August.

I propose to give you now the result of the impressions which I have formed.

I proceeded by railway to South Qu'Appelle, where my horses and traps had preceded me, and started on the afternoon of the 17th August. We drove along the line of railway and found the land good for 20 miles, there being several ponds of water, and a moderate amount of timber. The land as soon as we got through the timber became poorer, until we reached Pile of Bones, the track being then laid about 10 miles east of that place. At Pile of Bones (now Regina) the country is flat and entirely devoid of any timber. The land is hard stiff clay, baked quite hard by the sun, and appears to be cold and heavy. Pile of Bones

Creek is a very poor apology for a stream, it takes its rise in some swampy land to the south, is very sluggish—dry in some places—and has pools of water of inferior quality. The condition of the land and water may have been affected by the weather, which has been extremely dry during the summer. It is stated that in the spring, after the rains, the country is much greener and the water better and more plentiful. When I passed through, there were very few settlers beyond the wooded land; after leaving South Qu'Appelle, a few squatters only who had gone out for speculative purposes. When I returned a good deal of land had been taken up, and a good many shanties were to be seen scattered over the prairie. The C. P. R. had also established a station there, with a number of sidings, it being the end of their division beyond Broadview. There were about 100 tents round the station, containing hotels, stores, lawyers, doctors, billiard halls, and a scene similar to the one you saw at Broadview, which is now much diminished. Several wooden buildings have been started at Regina. The Government have put a force of mounted police at Regina, who are now under canvas on the west side of the creek. It is stated that wooden temporary buildings are now on their way from Ottawa to be used during winter as barracks, and that contracts are now being let for brick buildings on the east side of the creek, for Parliament buildings and the Governor's residence. There is a difference of opinion between the C. P. R. and the Lieut.-Governor as to the site, which will damage the place. Leaving the town site I drove down the creek some miles to strike the trail from Qu'Appelle to the plains.

Going along the trail we camped at the elbow of the Moose Jaw. The land gets lighter as we went west, and in some places very sandy and stony. We crossed the Moose Jaw close to the railway dump. The banks of the creek are rather high, and there is some timber in the bottom land, but not much. The creek is small and nearly dry in places. The soil is light and sandy—worse on the west than on the east side. On the latter side I found cactus growing. There are a few settlers down the Pile of Bones and several round Moose Jaw, but they are not numerous.

Leaving Moose Jaw we went along the valley of Thunder Creek, which is narrow, the creek very small, and the soil light and sandy; in fact, as we proceeded west, the land became worse. We followed the line of road and passed many grading camps which had just been put up and work started. The country after this became worse—very much broken—water all alkaline, and much burnt up. In fact the grading parties have burnt up a vast extent of country. We were now passing north of Old Wives Lake, and the grading is very heavy, averaging about 30,000 yards to the mile. The water in the lake is very bad and smells horribly. There are a few ponds which have fairish water and where the grass grows rankly, but the bulk of the land is broken, sandy and stony, and quite unfit for agricultural purposes. Before reaching the west end of Old Wives Lake passed two clear springs of good cold water. There are here and there patches of land which might afford fair grazing, but of no extent. Sheep might do to a moderate extent in the hilly land. From the end of Old Wives Lake, past Rush Lake, to Strong Current River,

there is no improvement in the land. At Rush Lake we left the railway line, and went by the north trail to the forks of the Red Deer. Strong Current is a moderate stream of fairish water, with small clumps of trees scattered along the banks here and there. The banks in places are steep and of stiff clay overlaid with light sand and a very little loam, with a good many stones near the top. Some land on the river bottom may be cultivated, and there are patches occasionally fit for grazing.

We had to take wood enough with us at Moose Jaw to light our fires as far as Strong Current—104 miles—there being no timber on the way. At Strong Current we took wood to last us for next 60 miles, where we got very little at Mirey Creek.

From Strong Current to the forks of the Red Deer the land is poor and quite treeless, with very little water, and what there is mostly alkaline. The soil is generally stiff clay, baked quite hard under the sun. The indications are that the rainfall is extremely light. We were travelling by the south trail fifteen to twenty miles south of the Saskatchewan River, and parallel to it. From surveyors we met, we learnt that the country between the Saskatchewan and the Cypress Hills was about the same all the way, with numerous sand hills which were of no use for agricultural purposes. There is a small strip of loamy clay between our trail and the river. The country on to the Red Deer was just the same—treeless and rainless, poor soil, very little water, and the ponds far apart, no life of any kind, and in short a very inhospitable-looking country. There might be a little grazing land, but there is no shelter

for cattle, and too little water. We reached the South Saskatchewan about seven miles east of the Red Deer. Banks high and very little bottom land, a few clumps of cotton trees in river bottom, land on top light and sandy. From the point on the map, marked as the elbow of the Saskatchewan, the banks on both sides are sandy and barren all the way to the south. We descended into the valley of the river about three miles east of the Red Deer. Land in valley very light and sandy. Some groves of cotton wood. There is one settler—a French half-breed from Headingley—in the valley, about two miles east of Red Deer. He has hardly begun to farm, but thinks he may get two or three crops out of the land. He was the first settler we had seen since leaving Moose Jaw. There is another settler, also a French half-breed, on the west side of the river at the forks. These are the only two settlers between Moose Jaw and Calgary. We then went south or up the river some three miles to cross above the forks, so as to avoid crossing the Red Deer as our trail went south. The river not being fordable, it took a whole day to cross the river. At the forks the river bottom is about a mile wide, there being three channels to the Red Deer River. The land is light and sandy, and there are clumps of cotton trees. The bottom land does not extend far up the Red Deer. The land at the point we crossed the Saskatchewan was very poor and covered with cactus plants and wild sage brush, both signs of bad land. The land on the west side of the river was no better, and after ascending about 200 feet from the edge of the river we reached a tableland lying between the Red

and Bow Rivers, with the Saskatchewan as a base. I was very much disappointed with all these rivers. They are not situated in valleys like the Assiniboine, Little Saskatchewan, and Qu'Appelle Rivers, but are deep gorges from 150 to 200 feet with nearly perpendicular sides and quite barren. The bottom lands only exist at long intervals, and of very limited area. The land on the top is poor and barren—either sandy or hard cold clay—the water is very scarce and very nearly always alkaline. The grass is poor and many sand hills of greater or less extent are met with. We went south-west for about 20 miles, and then took a due west course to strike the Bow River about 30 miles east of the Blackfoot crossing. The distance from the forks of the Red Deer to the place we struck the Bow is about 100 miles, and I can only describe the country as a treeless and apparently rainless tract, nearly all the ponds dried up, the country much burnt over, whatever water there was alkaline, and no part of it fit either for agriculture or grazing. We met some parties of surveyors who told us the land between the Red Deer and Bow Rivers was of the same character as that we passed over ourselves. Where we struck Bow River it was the same deep gorge we had seen before—no trees and quite barren. The water in the river very good. No doubt the country could be much improved by irrigation, but I fail to see how that is to be done where the rivers are 200 feet below the land to be irrigated, except at an expense which would be ruinous. I cannot help thinking the country at some time or other must have undergone a great change. It has all the appearance of a country which has burnt over,

and all trees destroyed, and all the ponds and old watercourses are all dried up. And yet the country, from Moose Jaw to the Black Foot Crossing, is literally covered with buffalo heads and bones, showing that the country at one time must have been swarmed over by hundreds of thousands of buffalo.

Now the country could not support a few isolated bands, and in our whole trip we did not see a single buffalo, although we heard of a few at rare intervals. When about 20 miles from Black Foot Crossing the land improved, and got gradually better all the way to Calgary, where the land is excellent. At and below Black Foot Crossing there are several bottom lands in the valley of the Bow, with good lands and some timber, but of limited area. The best of these bottom lands are in the Indian reserve. There is a Government farm at the reserve, where some fair crops were raised on a portion of the bottom lands I spoke of. I am not impressed either with the farming or the general result of these Indian farms, of which I have seen a good many, and on which very large amounts of money are annually expended. I have no belief in the success of the attempt to transform Indian hunters into placid agriculturists. Their destiny, I fear, is gradual extinction.

There are deposits of coal on the Bow River, and I took the opportunity of visiting the spots where workings had been commenced. I found a seam about 6 feet thick, which had been pierced about 100 feet. The seam lay about 30 feet above the edge of river, and had a covering of about 200 feet of earth. The seam is horizontal and has no dip. It is easily worked, and can be brought to the mouth of the adit at comparatively small cost. It is an

excellent description of lignite, but not pure coal. It is a good deal better than the samples of the Souris coal I have seen, and as compared with Ohio coal, is, I think, from 30 to 35 per cent. inferior. This coal exists in considerable quantities on the Bow, Belly, and other rivers. The best seam yet discovered is at the Coal Bank on the Belly, about 30 miles east of Fort McLeod, owned by an English company, and now being worked, the intention being to ship it by barge to where the railway crosses the Saskatchewan, and then send it along the railway for the use of settlers. I have no doubt we shall find coal upon some of our river sections, and they will prove valuable. The coal contains a considerable quantity of moisture, and exposure to the atmosphere produces rather rapid disintegration.

The distance from Black Foot Crossing to Calgary is 60 miles. The country improves as you go west, and the land is good grazing land, but water is scarce, and there is no wood.

Calgary is the most charming spot I have seen in the north-west so far, being in a beautiful valley, with the Rocky Mountains, with their snow-capped peaks, as a background. The land is excellent—the grasses rich and thick—ample water—and wood not far off. The difficulty is early frosts, but I think early sowing and reaping will largely remove this objection. I visited a farm on Fish Creek, 10 miles from Calgary. The settler had been there seven years, and had never lost a crop from frost. He has now 45 acres broken—sows about the 7th April, and usually reaps about 25th August. First frost this year on 2nd September, usually from 5th to 12th. His wheat, oats, and barley were

excellent, and I never saw more magnificent vegetables than he had in his garden. There are now about 20 settlers in a short radius of Calgary, and a great many are waiting to take up land, as soon as it is open for settlement.

Calgary was started in 1875 by the Mounted Police. They are established on the west side of the Elbow River, just at its confluence with the Bow. Baker & Co. have a large post on the west side of the Elbow and south of the Mounted Police Barracks. Our post is on the east side of the Elbow, almost directly opposite the Mounted Police. All three went there in 1875, and nearly in the same month. We have several small buildings, about a quarter the size of Baker's. Baker has a large supply of goods on hand, their present stock being worth about \$25,000. We had to buy what we wanted there, owing to there being nothing in the H. B. Store. Our man named Frazer, who is very highly spoken of all over the country, told me that he could sell a great quantity of goods at excellent prices, if he could only get them. He received in September, 1881, a total weight of 3,300 pounds of goods. They were all sold out in less than a month. He got no more till late this spring, when he received 600 pounds weight, all of which was sold out in two or three weeks. He says this occurs every year, and that for more than 10 months every year he has nothing to sell, whilst Baker is busy every day. On my way to McLeod, I met 27 Red River carts and six large double waggons, laden with goods for Baker's Store at Calgary. There are about 1,000 Indians near Calgary, who are known to and friendly with Frazer. They have so much confidence in him that they leave considerable amounts

of their treaty money in his hands. They would prefer to deal with him if they could. He has also the confidence of all the white people who are now going in, both as farmers and ranche men. On the 6th September I took an inventory of what was in his store. It was as follows :—

- 4 suits of English clothes.
- 2 vests.
- 1 great coat
- 2 pair cord trousers.
- 8 copper kettles (unsaleable).
- 1 piece cord cloth.
- 16 hats.
- 1 case old-fashioned trading guns, which the Indians will not now buy.
- A small quantity of powder.

There was no shot, no sugar, tea, bacon, or flour, or blankets. His whole stock, such as it was, was worth less than \$500, whilst Baker's was worth from \$25,000 to \$30,000, besides large consignments on the way. Frazer had about \$50 worth of furs—could not secure any, having nothing to sell.

Calgarry is a prominent point in the grazing country. It is splendid land, excellent grasses, and admirably fitted for firstclass ranches. This ranche country extends about fifty miles north of Calgarry and south to the boundary. It is upwards of fifty miles deep, and about 200 long. This area contains from 6,500,000 to 7,000,000 of acres, and is capable of supporting from 600,000 to 700,000 head of cattle. It has now nearly 20,000 head, and to be increased by winter to about 30,000. Cochrane's ranche is at

Calgary, and extends back to Morleyville, and on to the Rocky Mountains. I went through his ranche to the base of the mountains, and reached the junction of the Kananaskis and Bow Rivers at the mouth of the Kicking Horse Pass. It is a splendid tract of country from Calgary to Morleyville—excellent grazing, plenty of shelter for cattle, and fine living water in numerous living streams coming out of the mountains. It was a great treat to find such excellent and abundant water after our dreary drive across the plains. These streams abound with trout. Two of us spent a couple of hours fishing in High River, and landed six dozen, some weighing fully three pounds.

I had intended going home by the north through Edmonton, but was so much disappointed with what I had seen between the Moose Jaw and Calgary, that I decided to return south of the line of the C. P. R. to see what the character of the country was there.

I accordingly went from Calgary to Port McLeod.

We have no title to the land we are occupying at Calgary. I obtained all the particulars, and am going to Ottawa to see if I cannot secure some land. It will be valuable. Lately, I am told, an old post, called Old Bow Fort, near the mountains, was sold to an English ranchman for a very small sum. It would seem to be a pity to dispose of such properties, just as they are likely to become valuable.

Shortly after leaving Calgary I went west of the trail, and nearer the mountains, thus passing through the heart of the grazing country, which is certainly magnificent. The land and grasses are first-rate; it is excellently watered by

numerous streams of pure water falling into the Boy and Belly Rivers, and on each river are belts of spruce and tamarack timber of small size. This timber is in clumps, and not a continuous forest. It is rather denser near the mountains, and has evidently been greatly decimated by fires. I was disappointed with both the quantity and quality of what I had heard a good deal about as extensive timber limits. In all other respects this country exceeded my expectations.

I think the system under which ranches are leased is a mistake. Settlers are going in and will increase rapidly, and there will be a conflict between them and the ranche men. A much better plan would be to adopt the Montana system; that puts a small tax, annual, on each beast, and they can roam at will, subject to the rights of settlers, who are thus obliged to fence. Under our system a tract is leased at one cent per acre, which at Government calculation equals 10 cents an animal, and there is no definition of the rights of ranches and settlers respectively. The C. P. R. will certainly sell their land in this district—so shall we—and in a very short time the Government must cancel these leases, which they have the right to do. A great many leases have been taken, but nothing done; and they will, like the Colonization Company's, die out.

In this grazing district we shall have upwards of 300,000 acres, a large part of which will be valuable.

There is one difficulty about these ranches which is causing a good deal of trouble. Under the leases, the Government allows cattle to be brought into the country for the ranche without payment of duty; but if a settler, on a section of 640 acres, wants to bring in cattle to put on his land, he is made to pay a duty of 20 per cent.

I reached Fort McLeod on the 10th September. This is mounted police station, and one of the most wretched places I have seen. It is on a spit of sand, where the wind appears to be perpetually blowing a hurricane. The condition of the atmosphere is consequently almost unbearable. It is a collection of log huts. The barracks are to be removed from their present site, but where to is not yet decided. There are four stores at Fort McLeod, the largest being Baker's. They went there in 1870, trading whisky for furs. Then they secured 25,000 Buffalo robes a year; now they cannot buy more than \$4,000 worth of robes and furs in a year, both at McLeod and Calgary. They have a large stock of goods at McLeod, the present stock being worth about \$100,000.

They sold at McLeod last year about \$250,000 worth of goods on which their profit was \$70,000. They buy the great bulk of their goods in Montreal: they are obliged to do this owing to the present high tariff. I inspected their stock which is a very excellent and complete one. Their sales at Calgary will be much heavier this year, as they have the Indian contracts, and from the condition of our store they have the business almost undisturbed. It costs them $2\frac{1}{2}$ cents a pound to get their goods from Montreal *via* Duluth, Bismarck, the Missouri to Benton. They get cheaper than other people, owing to Baker owning steamers themselves and giving their own freight low rates. From Benton to McLeod they pay 2 cents a pound for teaming, making the cost through $4\frac{1}{2}$ cents a pound; it costs 1 cent. more to Calgary, or $5\frac{1}{2}$ cents. Other traders told me it cost them $7\frac{1}{2}$ cents from Montreal to McLeod. Frazer told

me we pay 3 cents a pound from Edmonton to Calgary, 200 miles.

The boats on the Missouri River, where there is competition, charge 1 cent. a pound average, from Bismarck to Benton, sometimes it is a little less. The charge from Winnipeg to Edmonton is 6½ cents a pound.

There are a good many settlers along Pincher and other creeks near McLeod, and there are about 300 in all between the boundary and Calgary. It appears to be a general impression throughout the district that the large ranches will not prove a success, but that the profit will be made by small farmers who combine agriculture with stock raising, and are not so completely dependent upon a large market for cattle which may not be always in existence. One of the factors in this problem is the rates that will be charged on cattle from Calgary to points east.

We left McLeod on the 12th September and camped that night on the east side of St. Mary's River, which is about the limit of good land from the mountains. The St. Mary River is one of the good living streams from the Rockies, and was the last good water we saw. We left there early next morning after rising about 200 feet above the bed of the river, and reached a plateau along which we travelled to Cypress Hills. To St. Mary River the land was fairly agricultural and grazing, but after crossing the river we left all good water. We then traversed a treeless and dry country, in which we had to carry wood and depend for fuel upon buffalo chips, and where we had to travel 70 miles without any water and then only reach an alkaline pond with rotten water. Our horses were

greatly distressed. We camped one night dry, and it was with difficulty we could get our horses to go next day the 30 miles, under a hot sun, to reach the nearest alkaline coolie.

We were here about 45 miles north of the Boundary, and about 40 miles south of the line of the C. P. R. We had thus seen the country at a fair average distance on each side of the main line.

From information derived from government surveyors and others I met, I ascertained that the point on the Saskatchewan River, known as the Medicine Hat, and which is the confluence of the Seven Persons Coolie with the Saskatchewan River, where the railway is to cross, is a most deplorable place. It is entirely sandy banks and plains covered with cactus and sage brush and replete with rattlesnakes. How far up in the direction of the Medicine Hat the river can be navigated, is a problem of the future.

The character of land I have described extends to the Cypress Hills where the land is a good rich loam, well timbered, but decimated largely by fires, but with a climate that is destructive of agricultural operations. There is frost on these hills every month in the year. The Government had a farm here. The crops grew well up to a certain point, but the frost destroyed any result, and the farm was abandoned as a complete failure.

There is a considerable quantity of timber in the valleys of these hills, but being rapidly injured by the fires which are being started on the plains, and which extend up into the hills. In the hills are some excellent springs of good water, and the abundance of wood enabled us to keep up



good fires to counteract the effect of damp drizzly weather.

We passed through Fort Walsh, the headquarters of the Mounted Police. It is to be removed, possibly to Regina. It is a most extraordinary location for a military post. It is a deep hole of poor land, surrounded by high hills, which enfilade it on every side, and which, in the event of trouble, would be completely covered by fire on every side. I think the fort itself is the lowest spot in the valley. The hills in and out of it are extremely steep and long.

From Fort Walsh we followed the trail to Rush Lake, where we had diverged to the north-west to reach the forks of the Red Deer, on our outward journey. The country to Rush Lake has a few creeks, which have small narrow valleys, where a few (not exceeding a dozen) settlers have located themselves. As a rule the soil and climate is not suited for agricultural purposes, except in small patches along the creeks, and only then in small areas. The Government had a farm on Maple Creek, about 30 miles north-west of Walsh, but abandoned it. It produced good crops, and the reason given for abandonment was that they wanted to get the Indians to go north, in anticipation of abandoning Fort Walsh, which is not palatable to the Indians. There are no settlers between St Mary's River and Walsh, and probably about a dozen bona fide settlers between Walsh and Rush Lake, between Rush Lake and Moose Jaw, none.

Between Walsh and Rush Lake there is some extent of land fit for grazing, with a reasonable quantity of water, and shelter in the Cypress Hills: but I do not consider the

quantity large. There are large alkaline lakes. Maple Creek is a short narrow valley on which some settlement may take place. There are others of less extent, but the aggregate quantity of fair agricultural lands in these valleys is not large, and I do not expect to see them closely settled. About thirty miles west of Strong Current River we met grading parties going to work. But very little work was done as we passed along from the point we met the graders to Rush Lake. The point we met the graders' early camps was about 100 miles east of Medicine Hat. There is a great deal of grading to be done between Strong Current Creek and the place where we reached the railway, about twenty miles east of the west end of Old Wives Lake.

From all I have seen, and the information derived from a variety of sources, I have come to the conclusion that there is a very large tract of poor or bad land, which it will be very difficult to settle. This tract covers the area shown on the accompanying map, and is inside the line drawn with red pencil having the boundary for its base. It is also bad, on what is called on the map Great Plain of the Souris, as far east as Moose Mountain, and as high up as the letter O on the map. The great bulk of that part of the country I refer to is treeless and rainless, has no wood, and great scarcity of water. There are, no doubt, patches of land in the valleys of the few creeks that exist where cultivation will be successful, but the area of this is proportionately small. There will be some grazing land, especially in the Cypress Hills, where the land and grasses are good, where there is timber to shelter the cattle, and

water for them to drink. The drawback is a bad climate, as there is not a month in the year that has not more or less frost. It was very cold and wet when I crossed the hills on the 16th-September.

The district of country I have been describing is clearly the northern apex of the great American desert, and it goes as far north as Sounding Lake. We had after leaving Moose Jaw to carry wood on our wagons for fuel, and frequently had to use buffalo chips. We were frequently put to much difficulty in finding water, and for many days could get nothing but alkaline water for ourselves and our horses. In coming east, after crossing St. Mary's River, we ascended to a plateau about 200 feet above the bed of the river, and then had to drive 70 miles before we could reach even an alkaline pond. The large rivers, the Bow, Belley, and South Saskatchewan, are all deep ravines, with a very limited area of bottom lands, the gorges being almost everywhere very steep sided and quite barren. That this tract of country can ever support a large population is, I think, extremely doubtful. It has of course some coal, which will be eagerly sought by dwellers on the eastern prairies. Beyond it is excellent grazing, and in some places agricultural land, but from the Moose Jaw for a distance of 300 miles, the country will prove extremely difficult to settle, and must prove a great disappointment to the C. P. R. If the Duke of Manchester's Company has to take its land through the district I passed over, the results must be extremely unfortunate. I have no doubt whatever that all

the theories that have been broached about Winnipeg being superseded by some new places west, on the line of the C. P. R., are absurd in the extreme. Portage-la-Prairie and Brandon will be respectable country towns, growing with the settlement of the farming country round them, but they will both be dependent upon Winnipeg and help its growth. Regina, or whatever place may be the actual capital of Assiniboia, will have a certain size, but it will be small. No town on this continent has ever grown to large proportions that has not a good farming country to the west as well as round it. Regina lacks this important element, and Moose Jaw for this reason would be worse. If I had the fixing of the capital, I should bring it further east, certainly not west. The idea of a big town arising at Medicine Hat is absurd. There is no country round it, and it is very doubtful if the navigation of the river is practicable for steamers so high up. The notion that large sums of money are to be made by intermediate sites for villages or stations along the railway, at points intermediate between the centres is, in my judgment, absurd. Anyone looking at the results of the small villages on the prairies, along the opened lines of railway in Minnesota, Dakota, and other States, must see how absurd this is. Between Breckenridge, or Fergus Falls, and St. Vincent, there is only one place—Crookston—which shows any signs of growth. Glyndon, a junction of two main lines, with a fine farming land all round it, is not growing, and will not do so. The experience in our country will be the same. Winnipeg will be the great and constantly growing centre. Portage-

la-Prairie and Brandon will be good-sized country towns; Regina may grow into a moderate-sized country town; Medicine Hat will be a failure; Calgary may possibly become an important town, as the last point before crossing the mountains and as the centre of a good grazing country, with some fair agricultural land tributary to it. But the glowing hopes of some people, including the Duke of Manchester's Company, in regard to absurd prices and profits of an indefinite number of town sites, are doomed to the bitterest disappointment, and can only result in extreme discomfiture. I am satisfied that every acre beyond Qu'Appelle that we can dispose of at prices near those we have hitherto sold at, will be an unmixed benefit to the Hudson's Bay Company. The fanciful ideas of great prospective profits from embryo town sites are the merest moonshine.

The country outside, or north and west of the red line on the map enclosed, is good, and contains a greater proportion by far of good land than the country south of the red line contains of bad. I have seen a great deal of that country, and have had very reliable information about the parts I have not seen. The C. P. R. and the Duke's Company may decline to take their land in the barren tract, and may select it to the north; but to make that valuable, a railway must be constructed through it, for which the Government have so far not promised to pay any money subsidy.

I hope next year to see the remainder of the north country that I have not yet personally seen.

We can go on selling lands at fair prices, at any rate for the present; and our small sales of this month would have

been fairly large, if the embargo placed upon our operations had not existed. I am satisfied that the information which brought about the embargo was entirely baseless.

I am, Dear Sir,

Yours truly,

C. P. BRYDGES.

W. ARMIT, Esq.,
Secretary,
HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY,
LONDON.